



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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ADVENTURES OF DOLIGNY.

From the French.

PERFECTION is not the lot of human nature, however it may be pourtrayed by the hand of Fancy. It is with pain that we perceive in the most virtuous characters, shades of error, which, without strenuous exertion, may assume the dark hue of vice : and, on the other side, we behold persons of loose manners, and profligate dispositions, thrown, by a chain of unforeseen events, into situations which awaken them to a sense of their misconduct, and call forth their dormant virtues.

Doligny was a young man possessed of extraordinary talents, insinuating manners, and prepossessing appearance ; and descended from one of the best families in Flanders. Having yielded, without caution, to the torrent of dissipation which surrounded him, till the extravagance of his conduct excited the resentment and reproaches of his parents, he formed the imprudent resolution of quitting his paternal roof, to avoid that

severity which his folly had caused to take place of the indulgence with which he had hitherto been treated, and encreased the enormity of his transgression, by appropriating to his own use, a considerable sum, which his father had entrusted to his care for other purposes. His flight was so well planned and executed, that he had little to fear, and travelled through France at his ease, while his money lasted. He found friends to encourage his prodigality wherever he went ; and females, whose favour gratified his vanity, and gave an irresistible charm to the illusions, which gradually involved him in shame and ruin. But the diminution of his finances diminished also his pleasures ; his friends dropped off one by one ; his fair favourites no longer received him with smiles ; his domestics insulted and abandoned him ; and he was regarded as a needy adventurer by the tavern-keepers whose exorbitant charges had helped to pillage the credulous, thoughtless, Doligny. He quitted one place but to suffer fresh indignities in another ; and, to complete the horrors of his situation, he learnt that his profligacy had broken his mother's heart, and drawn from his afflicted

father a dreadful vow of irreconcilable enmity.

The eyes of Doligny were now opened to all the misery and disgrace of his situation : he regretted too late, that he had suffered himself to be deluded from his duty, by specious appearances, and cursed the ingratitude of mankind to as little purpose. Lamentations he found, would avail little ; and his situation was become so deplorable, that it was necessary to form some decided plan for his future conduct. In this extremity, he had but one course to pursue. Of trade or commerce, he was wholly ignorant ; and in the army only, could he expect to gain a subsistence. Painful as it was to him to enter in a subordinate situation, where rank and fortune would once have entitled him to command, he had no alternative ; his folly had left no means to support his pride ; and, with the agonizing feelings of shame and self-reproach, he entered as a volunteer in a regiment of infantry. The hardships to which this novel way of life exposed him, gave rise to the most painful reflections. The daily humiliations he experienced, were of more advantage to him, than all the pleasures of his prosperous days ; he looked back on them with sensations none can feel, or accurately describe, who have not, in reality, experienced a similar reverse of fortune, who have neglected to make a good use of the blessings which once surrounded them. Such

may feel the misery of Doligny ; others can only be warned by his example. The insufficiency of his pay reduced him to the necessity of stooping to many servile employments in the regiment ; and, under the name of Verdure, he submitted to indignities which the proud Doligny would have scorned ; and at the age of nineteen, he possessed the experience of thirty ; experience for which he had paid the sad price of happiness and reputation. By degrees his situation improved ; his superiority over his comrades was not unnoticed by them ; and his conciliating manners gained him their good will. It was soon discovered that he had received an extraordinary education, and when he found it impossible to conceal this advantage, he laudably determined to make the best possible use of it, and to avoid, as far as was in his power, a relapse into his former levities. He devoted those hours of leisure which his duty allowed, to the education of his comrades' children ; and he felt his mind amused by the occupation. A Doligny could never be the pot-house companion of a common soldier, and from better society his present situation fortunately excluded him ; and thus he became acquainted with himself, and the vanity of those pleasures which are so falsely estimated by the world. In the rational employment which now engaged Doligny, he found both pleasure and profit. In forming the minds of youth, he corrected the errors which had

cost him so dear : and the high reputation for learning he gained in his new avocation, obtained him so many scholars, that he found it necessary to stipulate for a small gratuity, which was cheerfully complied with by each parent ; and Verdure, by a system of strict economy, saved up sufficient to furnish him with many comforts which his imprudence had so lately deprived him of. The sobriety and regularity with which he now conducted himself, drew the attention of his officers, and they expressed their satisfaction in the most flattering terms. Their approbation stimulated Verdure to more determined perseverance, and his prospects brightened insensibly. The senior of the regiment addressed him with kindness, and mitigated the rigours of his duty ; and the young men treated him with that condescending familiarity, which softens the severity of dependence, and, in the warm grateful heart of our hero, produced the most salutary effects.

Thus tranquil, if not happy, Verdure passed the first year of his service, looking upon his present degradation, as the just punishment of his former misconduct. The high estimation in which he was held in the regiment, at length induced the commanding officer to place an unusual degree of confidence in him. He one day called him, and, after regarding him with the keenest scrutiny, said, "Verdure, I have heard surprising ac-

counts of you from my officers : I wish not to pry into your secrets, but as it is pretty evident you are by birth entitled to higher rank in society than that which you at present fill, I think it my duty to do my best for you ; I therefore make you a serjeant ; and will furnish you with a sum with which I wish you to raise a certain number of recruits. I know you to be a young man of talents and address : if you conduct yourself to my satisfaction in this undertaking, you may depend on my further favor." Verdure, touched by this kindness, expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms ; acknowledging that his own imprudence had involved him in difficulties ; but that it should be his endeavour to wipe away the disgrace he had brought on himself, by the proper regulation of his future behaviour. Then, without making himself known to his captain, respectfully withdrew.

Verdure, notwithstanding all his irregularities, possessed a degree of integrity, which prevented his abusing the trust reposed in him ; and he formed a resolution to acquit himself with honour in his present employ. His prospects were brightening ; the army seemed now his destination for life ; and promotion and glory seemed to appear at no great distance, when an unlooked-for event changed his ideas, and overthrew all his newly-formed plans.

Paris being judged by our hero

the place most likely to suit his purpose, thither he repaired with a well-furnished purse, and in a dress which shewed his fine person to advantage. Nature had, indeed, bestowed on him manly beauty in more than common profusion; his voice was touching, his deportment gracefully elegant, and persuasion itself was ever in his accents. It is not to be wondered at, that Verdure found little difficulty in accomplishing his purpose; and not only ignorant clowns engaged in the service, but young men of superior advantages, charmed by the affability of his address, looked up to him as a model, and were happy to serve with such a comrade. Verdure was indefatigable in his researches, and regulated his finances with such economy, that the number he engaged, far exceeded that demanded by his officer; and he was preparing to return, exulting in his success, to the garrison, when a young man, of fine figure, and robust appearance, applied to him for the bounty, and expressed his desire to serve. Verdure, glad to obtain such an addition to his stock, readily promised the sum, with an additional reward for his spirit. The youth burst into tears, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Oh, Sir! it is not my spirit you should applaud: a soldier's life is my abhorrence; it is to save a parent from perishing, that I have thus done violence to my inclinations. Could you but witness our domestic misery!"—"Hush, hush,"

said Verdure, closing his purse, which he had already in his hand; "we must not be rash; step into this house with me, and we can arrange the business at our ease." The young man followed in silent astonishment; and, over a glass of wine, related the misfortunes of his family. "My mother, Sir, though at present but a poor laundress in this city, was a creditable tradesman's daughter. My father was the youngest son of a numerous family, and consequently his inheritance was but slender. It was the intention of his parents to establish him in trade; but it was his misfortune to be passionately fond of theatrical amusements, and vanity led him to make a trial of his own abilities. His first attempt being successful every other occupation was rejected with disgust; and my father, after making himself the talk of Paris for a season, was content to sink into a third-rate performer. It was in the zenith of his glory, that he captivated my mother, and, heedless of the consequences, married her! As the extravagant life he led soon exhausted their scanty finances, embarrassments of a most distressing nature succeeded the transient dream of perpetual happiness. To enumerate their difficulties, would be tedious; they were such as are generally the result of hasty, imprudent alliances. My mother was an excellent housewife, and did all in her power to avert the calamities which her husband's thoughtless levity threatened to bring on

their heads, and to educate her infant children in early habits of industry and frugality. Not to tire you, sir, with a tedious narrative, her efforts were unavailing, and my father ended his days in a prison! My poor mother, destitute and friendless, was obliged to labor for the support of two unprotected babes, who, now arrived at mature years, endeavour to repay her tender cares, by their most grateful love, and assiduous endeavours to preserve her declining years from penury. As a laundress, my mother has hitherto contrived to earn a decent maintenance. My sister is able to assist her, and I have taken the most laborious part of the business upon myself; yet misfortune still pursues us. A long and severe illness, which afflicted my poor mother, has rendered her incapable of her usual employ; and the expenses attending her illness, has bereft us of every comfort we possessed. It was on this account, sir, I engaged with you. I cannot bear to see my aged mother in want of necessaries. A few louis, your promised bounty, will make them comfortable, and I shall be in a way of providing for myself." The young man ceased; and Verdure, with a benevolent smile, said, "It must not be. Here is the money, take it to your mother; and think no more of deserting her, while it is in your power to lighten her labour, or give her comfort by your presence. Leave your address with me, and I will call in a day or two, and see if we cannot ar-

range matters so as to better her condition." Led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, the warm-hearted Doligny forgot that he was then but a poor serjeant: that the gold which glistened in his purse, was not his own; and that he was raising fallacious hopes, while he had nothing to bestow. Claude, animated with joy, kissed the hand of his benefactor, and hastened home eagerly, to relate what an angel he had met with. A few minutes reflection brought our hero to his right understanding. He counted over his remaining cash, made an accurate account of his expenditures, and found that in this instance, his prudence afforded him the delightful gratification of doing a praise-worthy action. "Alas," said he, mentally, "what sums have I not lavished away in follies, I may even say, vices, which have left, instead of pleasure, shame and goading remorse behind! This is the first act I have ever committed, which bears reflection. Doligny! Doligny! let it not be the last."

Occupied in these thoughts, he reached the cellar which Claude had described to be the abode of the aged Janette. While descending the steps, his progress was retarded by the most harmonious tones he had ever heard. A female voice was chaunting a hymn of gratitude to the virgin; and the young soldier stood in breathless extacy, till the strain was ended. Curiosity now succeeded to admi-

ration, and Verdure hurried forward with precipitation. His abruptness alarmed the inmates of this humble habitation ; and, in a voice of terror, the trembling Jacqueline demanded what he wanted. No sooner was his name pronounced, than he beheld at his feet the most lovely young creature in the world, who breathed, in softest accents, her joy and gratitude. Then rising with peculiar grace, she led him to the bed-side of her sick parent, and pointing to her wan features, burst into tears, and would again have prostrated herself before him. Verdure gently restrained her, and regarded her with astonishment. The entrance of Claude interrupted this interesting scene ; and Verdure, to relieve the blushing Jacqueline, began to discourse on indifferent subjects. Among the rest, he took courage to enquire how Jacqueline obtained so much knowledge of his favourite science, as to sing in such a superior style. In answer to this, Claude informed him, that a great Countess had taken a liking to her when a child, and had bestowed much care on her voice ; that it was her wish to have adopted her, and have taken her to Italy ; but Jacqueline, in refusing to leave her infirm mother, had given offence, and deprived herself for ever of this great lady's favour. This amiable trait in the character of Jacqueline, completed her triumph over the heart of Verdure ; and the unaffected modesty with which she received his compli-

ments, charmed him. In this delightful society, the hours passed away unperceived. The mean cellar was a drawing-room to Verdure, for Grace and Beauty presided, and neat Simplicity was beheld in every object around.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE office of reviewing authors, is both perilous and unpleasant. Authors have always been noted for much of irritable constitution, and have been apt to suspect their critics either of captiousness, or of malevolence—to imagine that the heroes of literature have combined to suppress their rising fame, and to prevent them from attaining a splendour of eminence, which might overpower with its lustre, their own reputation. Without being conscious of any wayward motive, we shall offer a remark or two on the production of *Gulielmus*, which enriched the columns of the last number of the *Miscellany*.

The method of conveying instruction by allegory, is eminently pleasing. By a representation of material objects, a train of mental ideas is typified, and the mind is at once delighted with the perception of resemblance, and the consciousness of ingenuity. Abstract reasoning is a severe exercise of understanding ; it requires great in-

tensity of observation to proceed through a chain of abtruse deductions, where there is no object of corporal sense—where there is nothing tangible, and nothing to be seen. Independant of the pleasure we take in contemplating the beauty and usefulness of material objects, in allegory we are further charmed by the likeness traced between things seemingly so dissimilar as intellect and matter. This species of writing, therefore, as might have been expected, is of very ancient date ; instances of it abound in the old Testament, and it has been exemplified in our own language with great felicity, by Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, and by Swift, in his history of *John Bull*.

In the conduct of an allegory, all mixture of literal and figurative meaning must be carefully avoided, for any union of this kind produces a monster which cannot be contemplated without annoyance by the reader of chaste taste. It were easy to produce from authors of conspicuous reputation, instances of violation of this rule ; but I shall spare myself the trouble of exemplifying a position so extremely evident and natural. An impropriety of the kind occurs, if I mistake not, in the second sentence of the piece before us. "Some fancied the *bubble* they sought," &c.—Here bubble must be considered as representing, on account of its levity and inconstancy, those trivial and evanescent

pleasures which the mass of men restlessly pursue. Otherwise, the meaning would be very ridiculous, for it is hardly imaginable that a multitude of men would assemble in a garden, for the purpose of pursuing a *literal bubble* ; and unaccountable must be the stupidity of him, to whom if the acquirement was important, would sit still without anxiety, in the hopes of its lighting on him. Here the allegory is broken, but we must try to get on as well as we can.

The variety of paths in this garden, *Gulielmus* supposed all led to the same object, *happiness*—this is a second infringement of the essential rule which we have mentioned. Here is represented an abstract idea, a mental being as existing among the regions of matter, as an object similar to groves and rivulets. We are lost. We knew from the beginning, that happiness was not discoverable under any corporeal form, that we might have journeyed till our bones ached, and not have found any such creature. We were in a garden among trees, and shrubbery, and flowers, and we should have been seeking for some bodily substance ; this is necessary to make the allegory correct ; but it seems we are looking out for happiness : some seek it in the broad roads, some in the intricate and winding paths, but I do not read that any went after it on horseback. The people of this garden were, it appears, looking after two different things—first

they were said to be seeking *bubbles*, now they are seeking happiness.

Gulielmus should have given his garden folk some material object to search for, which material object should have typified happiness—he might have called it by this name, for naming an object in the material scene of an allegory, by the intellectual idea which it typifies, is not only perfectly proper, but by this means the comprehension of the whole is facilitated, and its remembrance rendered permanent. He might have placed this type of happiness in a situation accessible only through the intricate and winding paths—These intricate and winding paths he might have encumbered with obstructions, ingeniously imaging the difficulties of actual life—he should have shown how to conquer opposition, and disentangle perplexity; and this too should have imaged the way whereby a man is to rid himself of disaster in actual life—All this Gulielmus might have done, had he been as wise as ourselves, but as it will take him some time to equal us in wisdom, we advise him till then to exercise himself in short compositions, not exceeding many lines.

The resolution of our happiness-seeker, to take a *medium*, to join both with the serious and the gay, his being persuaded to enter the *Barque Pleasure*, which was filled with every delicacy, his total diversion from the original object of his

pursuit, by the sweetness of the music, and the variety of entertainments on board, his sickening by satiety of enjoyment, and his being finally awakened by "loud thunders, and every appearance of a violent storm," is all naturally descriptive of the course of one who sets out in the world, with the hopes of enjoying at the same time the pleasures both of virtue and of vice, who soon unavoidably overcome by temptation, becomes supremely devoted to sensual delight, plunges down the stream of life with impetuous precipitance, solicitous only to indulge his meaner nature with momentary bliss, till, sated with the sickly fare, he arrives at the borders of futurity, and is filled with alarm at the approach of the eventful transition. "Our music and festivity was soon drowned in the roar of the elements, and the cries of the passengers." The shipwreck on an inhospitable shore, the immense barren commons which covered the new country, the strong currents that set against it from the opposite land, are easily interpretable into the shocks of overpowering misery, into the dreary and cheerless gloom of mental sorrow, and into that state of desertion in which the unhappy sufferer is left by an unfeeling world—the rich, the prosperous, and the happy fly from the mansions of distress, and amidst the revelry of noisy mirth, banish the afflicted from their remembrance. While filled with sombre reflections on his sad mishap, Gulielmus is sur-

prised, and awed by the presence of *three female figures*. The first, Religion, advised him to teach his mind resignation to the divine will. This alone can afford us solid and permanent solace in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of life—all other prescriptions are the prescriptions of moral quackery; while this, as can be attested by thousands of the virtuous, and the wise, is infallibly sovereign and efficacious. Consider that as this earth was created by infinite wisdom and goodness, it is also governed by an exercise of these illustrious attributes—that amidst the turmoil of this sublunary scene, the violence of the elements, and the desolations of pestilence and war, all things are co-operating in favour of those who with resignation submit to him who made the stage, and who made its busy actors. All the evils which befall public bodies, or individual persons, however hostile they may seemingly be to human happiness, are subservient to the production of that very felicity which shall finally gladden the hearts of those who resist the allurements of sensual pleasure, and live supremely devoted to virtue. Notwithstanding all your great guilt, says religion, my patience is not exhausted, nor my benignity extinguished—although you have criminally mixed with the profane, and actually united yourself to them in the Barque pleasure, you may yet receive pardon.

We are aware that it is much

easier to criticise on pieces already written, than to achieve original composition; and had we attempted a similar piece, we have not the presumption to suppose that we should have given existence to an offspring of more than respectable make. While we have dwelt with considerable dilatation upon the infirmities of this literary child of Gulielmus, our notice of its beauties has been extremely cursory. For fear of being thought too difficult to be pleased, we have omitted a critical flagellation of some points, wherein it excelleth not, and for fear of being thought too good-natured, we have left much of its merit uneulogized: but the piece is such as we think entitles the writer to wear a cocked hat, and a pair of silver knee-buckles; and to walk through the streets without taking notice of any body except lawyers of long standing, physicians who have practised with reputation, and of all such persons who (upon production of their diploma) shall be found legitimately entitled to an addition to their names, of L. L. D. or (attic wit apart) we think the defects and inaccuracies of the piece very easily supplied or amended, and that it indicates ability of no mean order. That its author should ere long attain a high altitude of literary excellence, is an event remote from impossibility, by some several degrees. We should take great pleasure in dwelling on the subject of the piece, a subject which, conducted in the way of al-

legory, is calculated to be eminently useful, (and we trust that Gullimus has not been perused without substantial profit by some of the readers of the miscellany) but our observations have already wasted paper in unreasonable quantity, and we are not yet done. Next week, or the week after the next, or the week, perhaps, immediately following this last week, we purpose filling a portion of this paper with incredible matter.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
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A NOBLE Florentine had ordered a Crane for dinner; but his cook's sweet-heart coming in hungry, he cut off a leg for her, and sent the bird to table with but one. His master in a passion, called him up, and asked him if Cranes had but one leg? "No, Sir," replied the fellow, with great presence of mind, "and your excellency never saw those birds with two." "Did I never, indeed?" said my lord, still more provoked, "order the carriage to the door directly." The open chaise was brought, and the cook put into it by his master's orders; who, seizing the reins, drove him to the neighbouring lake, three miles from the palace, where stood a number of Cranes by the

water-side, as is their custom, upon one leg, with the other drawn up under their wing. "Now look, sir," said the fellow, "they are all so, you may perceive, not one of them has more than one leg." "You are impudent enough," replies the Nobleman, "we will see presently if they have not two legs," and suddenly crying "*hooe hooe*," away scampered the birds, on as many limbs as they could muster. "Oh! but, my lord," returns the cook, "this is not fair; you never cried *hooe, hooe*, to the Crane upon your dish, or who knows but he might have produced two legs as well as these."

Remarkable

INSTANCE OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

JAMES Johnson, a person of mean birth, and no education, had married a young woman of the same stamp, remarkable for nothing but her industry; he had lived with her long enough to have a little family, whose bread, however, was in a much greater measure earned by the labour of his wife, than his own. It happened that a favourite child became sick; maternal affection was of as much force in the breast of this humble mother, as in those of the highest station. The father was as idle as usual; and the attendance she bestowed on the sick infant, took up so much of that time which she used to spend in labour, that want ensued. The mother could have borne this well enough herself, for

she had never been used to plenty, but the fate of a sick infant, perishing with want, was too much for her to bear. After many fruitless attempts to borrow, and even to beg relief, the anguish of her heart got the better at once of terror and of conscience, and she privately took a small sum of money from the house of a person who had been used to employ her. The money was soon missed; and the unfortunate mother, who had been begging in vain at the house, was suspected; and, on searching her poor apartment, some of the very pieces the owner had missed, were found. It was in vain the poor woman pleaded her known necessities; the owner of the money was deaf to all remonstrance, and she was sent to prison.

The husband, who was rather of a thoughtless and idle, than of a villainous disposition, was now awakened to thought. He saw his wife often, and began to behave to her with more kindness than usual, but that with a mixture of reserve which she could not understand. The truth was, that, finding the offence must be capital, (on account of forcing a lock to get at the money) he fully determined to sacrifice his own life, if necessary, to save her's; as he considered himself the most culpable, since his own idleness had driven her to this desperate mode of endeavouring to preserve her infant from perishing. In fine, he took care to be present at the trial; when, the

proofs appearing too plain against the woman, to admit of evasion or defence, the man, addressing himself to the Judge, said—"You will now see how little witnesses are to be regarded: I alone committed the crime for which you are going to condemn this innocent woman; and I cannot see her suffer for it." He added circumstances which he had before concerted in his mind, and which were so well laid together, that the very witnesses came over to his opinion. The court was convinced, the woman acquitted, and sentence passed upon him.

This may surely be instanced as the highest pitch of heroism, since the person seemed as far from the character of a great man, and a hero, as could possibly be. But the sequel is still more interesting—the unhappy woman, whose dread of death had made her for a moment connive at this act of generosity in her husband, could not bear, upon reflection, to see him die for her offence. She therefore openly confessed her crime, and intreated that her husband might not suffer unjustly. The Judge, who had not yet left the court, was struck with such an instance of mutual love and generosity in the breasts of people of this low rank, in both so much superior to the fear of death. The conclusion of the story is natural; a pardon was procured for them both; and, as adversity and danger had now doubly endeared them to each other, a life of industry

and happiness succeeded this terrible event.

There is in the possession of a gentleman in Richmond, (Massa.) the one part of a *Clam Shell*, brought from the East Indies, and presented to him by Capt. Isaacs; it measures 35 inches in length, 22 1-2 in breadth, and weighs upwards of 100wt. On the upper side are two furrows, an inch broad, one and a half deep, and about six long, running transversely:—the inner part of the sharp edge, is deeply indented with four irregular excavations—otherwise in color and form, it resembles the common clam shell.

Garrick was particularly cautious, in his choice and repetition of characters. He attempted *Othello*, but afterwards abandoned the part. He had probably two motives for this, in addition to his incompetence in point of figure. One was the great success of Barry, and the other the sarcasm of Quin, who, when asked how he liked Mr. Garrick in *Othello*: *Othello*, madam! (replied the cynic) psha, no such thing—there was a little black boy, like Pompey who attended with a tea-kettle, who fretted and pounced about the stage—but *I saw no Othello*.—So impressive was Barry in the part of *Othello*, that after Mr. John Palmer had studied the character of *Iago*, he was so awed at the rehearsal by the presence of Mr. Barry, that in spite of all that gen-

tleman's encouragement, he could not subdue his terrors, and was obliged to resign his part to Mr. Lee.

Garrick found something like a competitor in Thomas Sheridan, the elocutor and actor. A quarrel took place between them, which the latter never forgot. Sheridan, however, knew and acknowledged Garrick's worth; and while conducting the Dublin theatre, wrote him, "That he was then sole manager of the Irish stage, and should be very happy to see him in Dublin, and that he would give him all the advantage and encouragement he could in reason expect, that he would divide all profits with him from their united representations, after deducting the incurred expenses; assuring him, however, *that he must expect nothing from his friendship; for he owed him none.*" The British Roscius was at Col. Wyndham's, when he received this letter, and having looked it over, put it into the Colonel's hand, saying, "this is the oddest epistle I ever saw in my life." "It may be an odd one," said the Col. "but it is surely a very honest one. I should certainly depend upon that man, who treated me with such openness and simplicity of heart."

MORAL.

The path of life opens upon the young eye, as full of flowers and sweets; it appears direct, and on an easy ascent, where nothing can

annoy nor interrupt.—But when we have arrived at the farther end of it, the view is changed. We from that point look back upon the snares we have fallen into, as well as perils which we have escaped, and become astonished that we have had a progress so successful. The hazardous journey is drawn in strong colours before our children, but they proceed on, charmed by false appearances, until they have suffered in their turn, as we have done before them. We have, however, great cause of gratitude to a kind providence, that our experiences and cautions, when assiduously and timely exerted, save far the greatest part of our posterity from those disgraceful enormities, which render the lives of a few completely wretched and miserable, and load those of others with distress and calamity.

Why then will not the young, the tender part of the community avail themselves of the wisdom of those who have gone on in the path of life before them! Why will not the promising young man, in whose character the hopes of his parents are fondly centered, and the blooming beauty, whose countenance sheds the rays of cheerfulness round the domicil of her family, watch the eye of experience, and hang on the lip of matured understanding? If the tender love of the parent unfortunately robs them of that firmness which they ought to use in the government of their children, one ought to be led to

conclude, that this alone would incline the child to search for their wishes, and perform them with alacrity. In a life filled with temptations to errors, fatal in their nature; in a path through a wilderness full of dangers and evils, one would suppose that young travellers would gladly avail themselves of the wisdom experience has given.

Yet too many rush on heedless, over the ruin of thousands, who have fallen a prey in the same way they are pursuing.

A WESTERLY BREEZE.

THE late Mr. Hall, author of the *Crazy Tales*, was, with all his wit and humour, often oppressed with very unpleasant hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire; he kept his chamber, talked of death, and the east winds, in synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse, and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise.—Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitors, finding that no reason could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turrets of the castle, turn the weather-cock due-west, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall arose from his bed as usual oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eyes through a bow-window to the turret, and seeing the wind due-west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered

his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour—execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till, unfortunately, the cord breaking which fastened the weather cock, it turned at once to the easterly position, and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

Antisthenes, an Athenian philosopher of celebrity, was the pupil of the distinguished and celebrated Socrates, of whom he was remarkably fond, and whose manners and habits he aimed at, nicely and strictly imitating. He frequently appeared before his excellent and admired preceptor, (Socrates) in a thread-bare and ragged cloak, to discover his propensity towards severity of manners, by the meanness of his dress. His master perceiving that he took pains to expose rather than conceal his tattered dress, said to him, "*Why so ostentatious? Through your rags, I see your vanity.*"

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

By Wm. Carey.

FROM bubbling streams, or springs
that rise
In mournful grove or willowy vale,
Bring water, while I close those eyes,
And kiss the lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove, and shadowy glen,

Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields,
Bring every flower that nature yields:
And scatter every breathing sweet
On lov'd Maria's winding sheet.

Blest spirit! newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
(Belov'd, and watch'd, and wept in vain)

A moment more thy flight suspend.
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the bubbling spring
I wash thy limbs. I spread thy bier;
And lay thee down, with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,
To slumber through the weary night.

Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence no more
Thy fond, fond mother shall rejoice—
Thy little dreams of joy are o'er.

Of all the graces of thy mind,
No token wilt thou leave behind;
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast a mother's pain;
A mossy grave, an humble stone,
To tell thy years and name unknown.

How many people make every
thing their business, because
they know not how to employ
themselves in any thing.

Though justice is not sold, it
costs a great deal, and one must
be very rich to obtain it.

A man greater than his misfor-
tunes, shews that he was not de-
serving of them.

Ceremony is the affectation of
good-breeding, as cunning is the
ape of wisdom.

PERSIAN RELIGION.

A firm belief that one supreme
God made the world by his power,
and continually governed it by his
a

providence ; a pious fear, love, and adoration of him, a due reverence for parents and aged persons, a fraternal affection for the whole human species, and a compassionate tenderness for the brute creation.

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

A STRING OF NEW ACROSTICS,
By Julia Francesca.

On the

E nchanting features ! how thy beauty
warms ;
Y e mazy wilds, where wicked Cupids
play,
E ach heart must yield submissive to
thy charms,
S weet sovereign powers that rule with
magic sway !

On the Superior powers of

N ot all the treasure of the works of art,
A nd all the knowledge science can im-
part,
T housands of millions, mines of shin-
ore,
U nited, all can ne'er enrich thy store
R esplendant Nature ! in thyself su-
preme,
E 'en Nature self-omnipotent must
seem.

H ow blest the mind with sympathy so
true,
O n home ! dear home, that still with
pleasure dwells,
M using o'er scenes, it seeks but to re-
new
E ndearing joys ! which my fond bo-
som swells.

On a

K ind and soft and thrilling pleasure !
I 'm the first of Love's rich treasure ;
S oftly receiv'd—sincerely given—
S o I waft the soul to heaven.

Correspondence.

Our correspondent at Schenectady, will please to pay the postage of his communications ; or defer sending any in future.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, capt. William Vibbert, to Miss Priscilla Moore, daughter of Mr. Daniel Moore, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Alexander Geslain, of Paris, to Miss Jane Champenois, of this city.

At Hudson, on Tuesday the 14th inst. Mr. Ezra Reed, of the house of Cotheal and Reed, merchants, of this city, to Miss Eliza Thurston, daughter of Mr. John Thurston, of the former place.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. Robert Brown, to Miss Martha Ann Moffat, both of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning, Mr. John Spencer.

At Ballston Spa, Capt. Samuel Armour, late of the township of Rye, and county of Westchester, aged 43 years.

On [Saturday last, Mrs. Margaret Heyer, wife of Walter P. Heyer, printer, of this city, in the 31st year of her age.

On Sunday afternoon, at the house of Dr. Elias Querean, in Westchester county, Mr. John T. Marselis, son of Mr. Theophilus Marselis, of this city.

At the Philadelphia Lazaretto, Dr. Buchanan, Health-officer of that port.

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No 46, Fair-street.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

Ballad.

THE clock had toll'd the midnight hour,
With dire prophetic knell,
When weeping Jessy bade her love,
A long and last farewell.
Farewel, my love, she sadly sigh'd,
I'll e'er prove true to thee,
But should'st thou take a fairer bride,
Sometimes remember me.
Farewel, remember me.

He saw her foot the barque ascend,
He felt her bosom heave,
He left her torn from every friend—
How could he bear to leave.
But soon her fate he ceas'd to mourn—
A cruel heart had he ;
And e'en her parting words forgot,
"Farewel, remember me."

Now by the raging tempest toss'd,
She sank beneath the deep,
And faithful Jessy's hapless woes
Are hush'd in endless sleep.
The news to Henry soon was brought,
Ail pale and sad grew he,
And all on her last words he thought,
Farewel, remember me.

Julia Francesca.

On a termagant Wife shewing her portrait to her Husband.

Come hither, Sir John, see my picture
my dear !

Is it not very like ? dont it strike you ?
I can't say it does, at this moment, my
dear,
But it very soon may, 'tis so like you.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

HORACE, Ode XI, Book 1st.

To Luconoë.

"Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem
mihi quem tibi."

Translation.

Luconoe, seek not to know,
What term of life the gods allow ;
Do not with oracles connive
To know how long we have to live ;
'Tis better much, devoid of care,
With patience each event to bear,
What if more years are given by Jove,
Or this the last we have to love,
This, which will often cause to rave,
Against the rocks, the Etrurian wave
Rack off your wines, be wise my friend
Abridge your hopes, nor fear the end.
Whilst we converse on actions past,
The stream of life is ebbing fast.
This moment seize, drive care away,
And think not of another day.

Aratus.

To the Glow Worm.

When Sol resigns the world to night,
Behold ! thou shed'st thy feeble ray ;
And twinkling with a borrowed light,
Dost all thou can'st to make it day.—
Thee, glimmering in the bank, I view,
And own thy worth surpassing mine,
Thou giv'st to nature all her due,
Whilst I conceal a light divine.
Did man, like thee, dispense around,
Each beam, the heavenly suns* im-
part,
Less moral darkness would be found,
And virtue shine in every heart.

* Reason and Revelation.